A VVELCOM IN A POEM

To His Excellency

John Lord *Roberts* Baron of *Truro*,

Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governour of *Ireland*; my most Noble Patron, &c.

At his Royal Entry into the Castle of *Dublin*.

BY

Lieut. Coll. *VV. M.*

Seria mixta jocis.

DUBLIN,

Printed by *Iosiah Windsor*, for *Robert Howet*, Bookseller in *Castle-street*, 1663.

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DUBLIN,

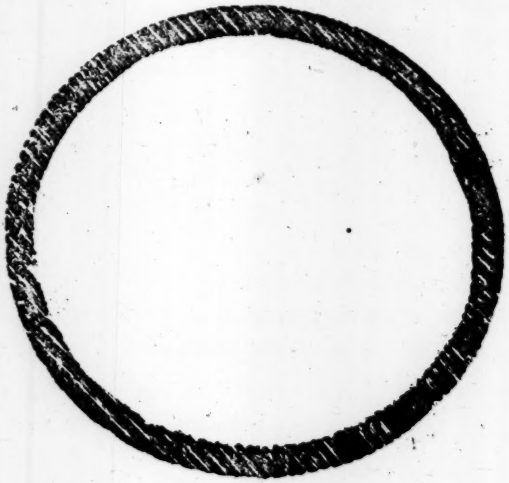
Printed by Iohah Winsor, for Robert Howes, Bookseller in Castle Street, 1660.

In place of the

FRONTISPIECE.

VPon this page I thought to place
His Excellence Effigies,
Of Liniaments ſo right and rare,
That all ſhould ſay the life lay there.
The piece that made the ſparrows pick,
Was not accounted neer ſo quick,
As I believ'd that this ſhould be,
Or of ſuch excellent degree.
But then aſſoon as e're I ſaw
The workman would his hand withdraw,
And that things ſo were underſtood,
I thought his draughts would do no good,
So put (ſupplying of the place)
Sonnets for his Effigies,
Perceiving that the Pencils art,
His Pourtraicture could not impart,
His mind's a Magazin of grace,
And that's apparent in his face.
If ſo, then who hath hands, or wit,
Or learning to illuſtrate it?
The endleſs Emblem of a Ring
Illuſtrates only ſuch a thing,
Rings have no end you will allow,
His vertues all are endleſs too.
Read then this reaſon, and go on,
Better a bad excuſe than none.
And let me leave this empty place,
For *Zeuxes* to attempt the face.

I See no workman willing for to fall,
To work upon this Hero's face at all,
But though the pencil cannot paint a ſpan,
My pen ſhall paint it as well as I can.
Figures can not ſuch numbers lay, ſo long
Men may miſtake, but words will not go wrong.
Conſidering ſuch, and in ſo ſtrict a caſe,
Reverence the ring which ſhould ſurround the face.



How can the compaſs of a Ring
Contain the Image of a King?
VVhoſe Image, of Divine Contents,
His Makers Image repreſents.
It can not, (no man muſt ſay ſo)
More then an end is in this O.
But ſee his ſhadows admit you might,
His ſubſtance is far finer ſight,
VVhich in ſome ſort is ſung by me,
VVithin this welcome, come and ſee.
Put then ſome pages here apart,
And read his welcome with your heart.

I labour'd long enough to fill
This blank, believe me if you will;
And wiſht the workman to take care,
To do his duty to a hair,
In handling his Effigies,
He ſaid he underſtood the caſe,
So ſtill he ſtampt a ſtately thing,
That to the life lookt like the King,
And then when I would tell him that,
He askt me, what I would be at?
Aſſuring me it muſt ſo be,
The Image of His Majeſtie,
What firſt he wrought, he would defate,
And then begin again to get
The graven Image, ſaid, in reaſon,
King *Charles* could not call it treaſon.
But finding him affected ſo,
I took my book, and bade him go,
And left the blank ev'n as before
Forboth of us could do no more.
Then we his mind would modellize,
Which vext us worſe by ten degrees.
So pray'd *Apelles* with his wit,
To try his skill, contriving it,
But mind nor body could he bring
within the compaſs of a Ring.
Then we three threw the things away
Wherewith we wrought, but I did ſay,
I ſhall afford for my offence,
A welcome for his Excellence.

3

Within this Welcome will appear
Miſtakes, and twenty faults I fear.
But I'll excuſe no crime into 't,
Let *ſcribimus indocti* do 't.

Verbum Sapienti,

OR,

MERCERS

Muse making Melody, in a

VVELCOM

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Ovid. *Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur,*
Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.

Englished thus.

Kill Cocatrices early in the egg,
If sickness seize, then *Galen* may go beg.

Or thus,

With timely care, kill Cankerworms, that eat,
Your enterprizes, and destroy the State.

By a Lover of the Muses
Lieut. Coll. *VVilliam Mercer.*

DVBLIN,

Printed by *Iosiah Windsor*, for *Robert Hewes*, Bookseller in *Castle Street*, 1669.

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Epistle Dedicatory.

May it please your Excellency,

NO Indian Ore, of precious stones, or gold,
Have I to give, or if I had? you would
Not value such, my gift gives greater price,
First welcoms you, then gives you good advice,
Within few words, and lo my lines do bring
Vnfeign'd affection, that's a sacred thing.
I also offer by some things I add,
A fair forewarning to debar the bad,
But how the bad shall from the better be
Discern'd, that secret lies asleep with me.
If things ensue, which here I seem to smother?
Say that a fool said so when you came hither.
I honour you, and wish your welfare too,
And (if commanded) I know what to do.
But for the present pray (Great Sir) proceed,
Vievving your vvelcome, venture then to read,
What more I say, and so I shall bring on
The vvelcome vvith this Dedication.
But left it be abus'd by base objection,
I publish it upon my Lords protection.
For unto vvhom should I such duty do,
Were I an *Ovid* onely unto you,

vvhose

Whoſe valour weighs with *Ceſari*, and I ſay,
Exceeds by ſo much as is ſeen to day.
That proſperous *Pompeius* too in power,
You parallel in pomp this preſent hour.
Nations and cities in 's days he did ſubdue,
And ſo the ſame ſure ſhall be ſaid of you,
He gain'd *Armenia*, *Medeia*, and *Celicia*,
Meſopotamia, *Rapblagonia*, *Cappadocia*,
But all by force, your Excellence not ſo,
You gain by fairneſs whereſoe're you go,
Nor are your fortunes, nor your actions either,
One jot inferiour to *Pompeius* neither.
Great treaſures did his Victories tranſport
To *Rome*: ſo could you alſo, Sir, in ſhort
Do (of your own to *Dublin*) and tranſcend
The pomp for which they *Pompeius* commend;
For he but conquer'd Kingdoms, purchas'd fame,
And you compare with *Pompeius* in them.
But then to put more pomp upon your plenty,
Weigh with your Welcome *Verbum ſapienti*.

ANAGRAMS
Vpon the Noble Name of
IOHN ROBERTS.

Sob'r not hjer.

Iohn Lord *Roberts.*

Trj on bold'r Hero's.
I'l ord'r hon'r best.
Is borne t' hon'r.
Rest nobl'r hon'rd.

Sob'r not hjer, though in honour high,
Heroique signs of true Nobility.

Now sign'd and seal'd this promise is expresst,
As Lord Lieutenant *I'l ord'r hon'r best.*

Trj on bold'r Heros, do nothing now remove at,
In all attempts, *Audaces fortuna juvat.*

Is borne t' hon'r in his Monarchs eye,
And truly honour'd by his Majesty.

Rest nobl'r hon'rd, of himself said *Cesar*,
So may my Lord say as much now as these are.

These Anagrams and Name so well agree,
Nor place, nor Name, nor letters, nothing free.

Acro-

ACROSTICK.

I know not one (when I read all the Roll)
O f all the wise Philosophers, the whole
H ave not so near a sympathy in things,
N either by Nature, nor what Fortune brings

L ike you (my Lord) Lo no man must deny it,
O f all your Lordship's likest to *Pompeius*;
R ead of his rare endowments, and I dare
D irectly say, your Excellence by far

R ise to a higher magnitude of mind,
O f wisdom, valour, fortune; yet I find
B etter success. In *Pompeius* appear'd
E v'n then in all Philosophers, but heard
R enowned *ROBERTS*, he disposed so
T hings in such sort, *Pompeius Magnus*, no,
S o flourished in *Africk* for his fame,
For all that they so *Pompeius* proclaim,
As doth your Noble Excellence, but now
I'm ty'd to Letters, knows not what to do.

B *R. W.*

To the Curious READER.

A Caveat.

READER, remember what you have to do,
And in whose presence you are pressing to.
To whom you talk, nor do not you presume
With hands prophane, these sayings to assume,
Dare not to take this Noble Name in vain,
Nor do this welcome wilfully disdain.
Although my weak invention, and my phrase
Fall short by thousands to impart his praise,
Yet blame me not, bewitched with this day,
To write his Welcome as well as I may.
For write who will, and write till they have won it.
Yet I must spend my spark of fire upon it.
What pen so proper punctually to pen
The virtues of the worthiest of men,
Whose word so well may be believ'd to be,
Witness as one who with his eyes did see
His Excellence so many moneths and years,
To prove most prudent among *Englands* Peers,
His proof hath power his praises to proclaim,
That view'd his worth, and well discern'd the same.
Let me then labour, though my lines are lame,
The praise of our *Pompeius* to proclaim.
Next bout shall be a bout, a Twelve moneths time
To tell three Nations *Nequam* in a rime.
Till then I say, take timely notice now,
Censure me slowly. Reader, that's for you.

My meaning to Momus.

THe dulleſt drone, whoſe wit will hardly weigh
A dram of duſt, which on the balance lye,
That fool I ſay, before he fully looks,
Can tell the *P*loughman that the furrow crooks.
But I could wiſh your wits to work were driven,
*T*o hold the plough, and place the furrow even.
For you that read behind my back, muſt be
Buſie abuſing both my Book and me.
But I ſhall ſay, as did *Diogenes* do,
Behind my back (be doing) bear me too.
But better ſpare me (though you do reject
My rithmes) and praiſe me for my Lords reſpect.
If I want wit, yet Criticks muſt confeſs
Beauty's Idea needs no new-fangled dreſs.
Learning I lack, and I left all my skill
With *Mars* half-murther'd one day on a hill.
Wherefore (as Coyduck) I would draw you in
With your more lofty *Elogium* to begin,
Becauſe a quill ſnapt from ſome Fagles wing,
Shou[illegible] pen his praiſe approv'd ſo by a King.
Yet knows my Lord, allows no ſigns of ſhow,
Where ſuch great value is within, O! no,
Whence, ſince [illegible]-worth down-weigs what I can do,
(If I had *Homer* yet to help me too)
I muſt leave off, my Lord allows me not
To put a plaiſter where there is no ſpot.

The Prologue.

LEt paſſengers (for all their ſpeed) eſpy
Vpon this page, *Summa Negotii.*

HEre is a perillous preſent offerd up,
A pill of poiſon in a precious cup,
Many fair phraſes, fair pretences too,
*A*nd ſuch things done, as all do overdo
Thouſands (in ſubſtance) brave embracements bring,
But oh! the ſhadow far exceeds the thing,
Firſt writes a Welcome, *Nemine contradicente*,
Then caſts a caveat, *Verbum ſapienti*,
Where (in the firſt place) plainly you have here
The pleaſure, then the poiſon doth appear.
Two things indeed, which though I draw them dark,
A blind mans bolt can ſcarcely miſs the mark:
Secrets ſet open, *A Edipus* nor other
*A*re uſeful here, one ridle reads another.
It is the ſame, or as much as to ſay,
A ſnare may ſnap the *Phœnix* for a prey.

The WAY to the

WELCOME.

VVHen we were croſt, then fry'd away our fat,
Now we are bleſt, what will become of that?
No Ædipus ſhall need to anſwer either.
My Muſe alone reſolves the ridle rather.
We were confounded formerly with cares,
Now enters one can cure our fatal fears,
For *Pompeius Magnus* prov'd not ſo victorious,
Or great at *Rome*, as ROBERTS now is glorious,
Whence you our comfort eaſily may ſcan,
Comes from enjoying of ſo juſt a man,
Then (overcharg'd by chance) how can I chuſe,
But ask aſſiſtance for my murther'd Muſe?
To write a Welcome for a man ſo rare,
Who, fitly, with *Pompeius* I compare.
I muſt invoke the ſacred Nine, but may
Fall ſhort by far, of what I think to ſay,
Yet ſhall unto our *Cæſar* ſeal my thought,
Write down his welcom, ſo my work is wrought.
Then let the Nymphs, and all the Nine too, meet,
And ſpend their ſpirits on this paper ſheet.

Let *Helicon* convey vvithin my Quill
Celeſtial drops dovvn from *Parnaſſus* Hill,
That (ſacred Povver inſpiring of my Pen)
I may vvrite vvelcome to the beſt of men.
Theſe then ſurrounding (circle-like) the centre
Of my vveak ſence, I am reſo!v'd to venter
VVith ſuch aſſiſtance, ſo that novv you ſhall
See trembling hands take ſtrength, and to it fall.
I read of ſome, that vvent by vvater round
The vvorld, and I ſail'd far beſouth the ſound
My ſelf, but ſavv not ſuch brave things, I ſay,
As *Dublin* is demonſtrating to day,
VVhoſe ſplendent pomp, ſince none can faſhion fit
Let me pen an Epitome of it,
And ſince not ſaid ſo vvell as it ſhould be,
Amend it then, mean time attend to me.
Behold yet *Phœbus* reacheth out his raies,
Affording time for ſuch triumphs as theſe,
Heav'n alſo ſmiles, the Elements, and air,
All creatures do contented neſs declare,
Pray'rs bring advantage vvhen the pray'rs appear
To have had audience in th' Almighties ear.
VVhen fame took vvings, and firſt vvith force and
Throughout this Nation, none vvill novv deny (ſhy
VVich vvhat affections moſt men vvere inflam'd
Hearing't affirm'd, your Excellence once nam'd

Your

Your Monarchs onely, and immediate aid
In *Ireland*, and ſee Banners once diſp'aid
By your appointment, to promote the peace
VVith piety, in this diſtracted place,
In hope vvhereof all elevated are,
Both hearts and hands convening from aſar
To bid you vvelcome, and vvill venter too
Their treaſures, though they ſhould themſelves un-
To do their duty; nor dare I refuſe (do,
To play my part in manner as my Muſe
Can compaſs things, contentment cannot come
From my vveak pen, yet I vvill point at ſome
VVho novv are met, ſincerely in the ſence
Of joy, enjoying of your Excellence.
I muſt be active for to ſet things forth,
So long a witneſs of your Lordſhips worth,
Onely my Feather from an Eagles fan
Should be pluckt out to write of ſuch a man.
But O! I'm hurried, heaps are on my hand,
So many thouſands both by ſea and land
Are looking on, and ſcarcely will allow it,
Or let me write, and yet they put me to it.
Gteat Sir, then ſee, for you can hardly hear
(The ſight goes farther than the ſenſe of ear)
But firſt perceive the ſeaſon of the year,
Smiling to ſhew how welcome you are here,

And you may ſee, Sir, conduits, on that ſcore,
Waſting the wine, where water went before,
And all that are fill pitchers too, with plenty,
The Spaniſh grape gets not the name of dainty,
They drink and dance, delighting ſo that they
Think it no ſin to celebrate the day,
To welcome you, and were this day a year,
They would not tire in tipling too, I fear.
But they muſt act the Act they are to do,
Before they be intoxicated too,
For empty veſſels make the ſhrilleſt ſound,
They're full, but of affections moſt profound.
Wherefore they would, and will now as they may,
Sing welcome, that's the work, Sir, of the day.
VVhence you ſhall ſee, all Nations now appear,
VVith twenty tongues, to entertain you here:
Firſt, then, the Engliſh, have their force ſet forth
By furious lions, to defend your worth,
This they vvould do, ſhould you not buy it dear,
Leave half at home, the other half have here.
The Natives are by Nature ſo much mov'd,
They think you never can be enough belov'd.
The *Caledonians* dote on you, and they
An ancient Emblem of their povvet diſplay,
A Thiſtle, ſuch as (if in pride men preſs it?)
Saith, ſerving you, *Nemo nos impune laceſſit*;

Pro-

Proclaims by casting Blue-caps up and down,
Lord *Roberts*, our Lord Lieutenant's in the Town.
Likewise the *French* affirm with *par ma foy*,
Monsieur we must make merry now for joy,
Officiously, not falsify our fence,
But fight most stoutly for his Excellence.
The *Irish* also tune their harps anew,
And tyre the strings with welcoming of you,
And with the rest resolves to see the day,
When they shall dance, whoever please to play.
The *Dutch* men drink a health to every one,
Your welcome vows invite you to come on.
Will wave advantage, and a voyage will make,
And fraught a ship with welcomes for your sake,
The *Danes* drink also deep as they can do,
And kindly cries, you're welcome to them too.
So many welcoms from such several lands,
And all their Patrons come to kiss your hands,
St. *George*, St. *Andrew*, and St. *David* do
Dance with St. *Dennis*, and St. *Patrick* too,
Two Nations more, the *Dutchess* and the [illegible]
So fain would foot it, they cannot refrain,
And all for nothing, kindly, but to call,
(Bowing their knees) you're welcome unto all,
So that I think lay *Cesar* in the scale,
With you, his welcoms would not countervail;

He conquer'd all by force where he did go,
Men yield to you, Sir, whether you will or no;
English, *Scotch*, *French*, *Welch*, *Dutch*, *Danes*, *Irish*, all,
To crown your welcome, come on knees, and fall
Before your Honour, entring on the Throne,
With acclamations, heark how they go on.
In *Wales*, St. *David*, to his Harp, indeed,
Dances, twice sixty Soveraigns to succeed.
Brutus the first, *Corineus* who reno wn'd,
Whence, now, the name of *Cornwall* doth redound.
Brutus I say, from whose brave enterprises,
Cadwallader, *Corineus*, *Roberts*, now arises;
Three, so succeeding *Brutus* at his best,
As doth the *Phenix* from the *Phenix* nest.
Brutus is that Arabian bird, from whence
Roberts ariseth, but in Excellence,
The name unites too, *England*, *Scotland*, *Wales*,
Britain from *Brutus*, else the Fable fails,

THE WELCOME.

ANd are ye come King *Charles* his Champion,
To sway the Scepter on your Soverains throne?
God give you joy, but see, Sir, to and fro,
With what great glory they receive you so,
All are rejoycing, and triumph in state,
Vnanimous, no murmure nor debate,
Both far and near, all are conven'd to call,
And clap their hands, concurring one and all.
Not onely Subjects, but each living thing,
This day adore the image of their King
In doing homage, heaven and earth concur,
All things in such extremity do stir
In stately manner, as much as they may,
Or mortals can, and this is that they say,
Welcome Great *Heros*, *Cesar* seldom saw
Such troops of Captives, conquer'd with his awe,
As are to day, on tops of mountains met,
Building of bon-fires, thousands now are set

With free conſent, ſee how the flags do fly,
Exceeding *Ceſars* ſigns of victory. (milions,
Mars now runs mad, makes men march out in
Tranſporting tents, and they prepare pavilions,
Wherein they may make merry and carouſe,
And pay unto your Excellence their vows.
Mark our commanders how they come in cluſters
The Pikes and Muskets meet at general Muſters,
Ships hoiſe up ſail, and thorow ſweeps the Main,
Swims to and fro, fly out and in again.
The very fiſhes float above, and bite
At every thing they ſee ſo much delight,
But *Neptune* roars in madneſs out of meaſure,
To part with ſuch a precious piece of treaſure.
O! but behold, See thouſands on the ſhore,
Throwing away their treaſures and their ſtore,
That all thoſe things exceed the joys by water,
So much that men admire to ſee the matter.
Buildings are empty, ſtreets are ſtanding bare,
Windows are open, with the Cages there
Where Parrots prattle, and keep ſuch a ſpruttle,
The pretty ſparrows tattle too and truttle.
The ſhops are ſlighted, much now in a maze,
All men admiring what is meant by theſe,
And which is more, the Maſters make it play,
The boys give bleſſings to this holy-day.

But I have done with things concern the City
Shall tell you Stories twenty times more pretty,
And all for nothing, but to let you know
That all sing welcome to my Lord; for lo
The towring hills on tiptoes stand, and stare
To see above us what brave things are there,
The stony rocks stand as they could not stir,
The herds and flocks too murmure, and demur,
The very Bees about the holes are humming,
All things rejoyce your Excellence is coming.
Nor do they care who buyes the bargain deerest,
But strives and struggles who may now be nearest;
Will you resolve through *Ireland* for to ride,
Your Excellence is sure to see a guide.
The country Clowns to welcome you will venter
With Docha Dorros, where you cannot enter.
The wildest stags stand instantly intic'd,
And for your sake they will be sacrific'd.
The feather'd fowls fall down and do not fly,
But for to feast you, are content to die.
Fairies in flocks, upon the spangled hills,
Hearing your welcome, dance and feast their fills.
Yet not content with all I here have told,
You shall see more, Sir, by a thousand fold.
But that the atoms are so in the air,
The day draws dark you cannot see things there.

The pride of prancing horſes with their heels,
Raiſe ſuch a duſt, that all the riders reels.
The ratling of the Coaches keep a noiſe,
The laquies laughing, and the little boys
About the Hackneys, they keep ſuch a crying,
The haughty horſes naturally are neighing
For joy, that juſt unleſs you are ſo near,
You ſhall not ſee, though doubtleſs you may hear.
The trumpets ſound, the echoes anſwer them
The bells ring out, ſo do the drums proclaim
Their pleaſures, and the *Caſtle* Cannons roar,
The City ſhakes, as dancing doth adore
This day, ev'n ſo the Enſigns fan and fly,
As flouriſhing before a Deity.
I know not how to compaſs nor contract
So many welcoms, ſuch a ſtir they make,
They come not on in order, but they run
To weave the web, before the weft be ſpun.
The men go mad, as vaniſht from their wit
With overjoy, and juſt now in the fit
All things rejoyce, and joyfully proclaim
Your welcome, but believe not half of them.
The women alſo, willingly convene
To welcome you, ſuch things are ſeldom ſeen.
Lo, how the Ladies in a train attend,
Scattering the confects round about *Ringſend*,

VVhence,

Whence, where the floods before did overflow,
Now overman'led, all with green doth grow,
Where men may walk from bank to bank, ev'n both
From *Bullock* bravely to the Hill of *Hoth*,
About which mountain *Neptune* now's a fence,
And flows for favour of your Excellence,
And with his proud approaches doth proclaim
The ancient custom of the Diadem.
This day is done, our duties we declare,
The Lords and Ladies loyally repair,
Where famous feastings furnished are found,
Ceres and *Bacchus*, both of them abound.
Applauded pleasures, nor did Paradise
Afford such fruits of plenty, or of price,
As Hoth in heaps, canst cast upon the Hills,
Till ships were fraughted, when we fed our fills,
And after all Solemnities were there,
And many thousands satiate with a share.
Lo then from thence unto the *Castle-gate*,
Ladies lay lillies, my Lord may step in state,
Likewise the *Leefy* look't as it were pav'd
With precious pearles as the waters wav'd.
But then, behold, about the heaps and hills
The sea flow'd farther then we see it fills;
For as my Lord doth peace and peace appear
It drowns the dust to make the passage clear.

Then do the Callaughs make the Pipers play,
And dance in dozens to delight the day.
The countrey children meet in millions too,
And at your welcome make as much ado,
And tatling, tells, when they to knowledge come
They will be witneſs of this welcome home.
Ev'n ſo the Shepherds now forſake the ſheep,
With oaten Piffers plays them all aſleep.
The ſilly lambs lie ſacrificed too,
To make you welcome, ſo you ſee they do.
And if in *Ireland* were there ſuch things here
Inſpir'd with poiſon, ſhould there ſuch appear,
(But that St. *Patrick* put them all away)
To bid you welcome, they would dance to day.
But then of all theſe divers kinds of calls,
I moſt admire the meaneſt animals
That make a noiſe to welcome you, and lo,
Your Lordſhips coming cauſe the cripples go.
The ſick and lame have left the Hoſpitalls,
Beggers and Cripples play buſie with the balls,
Hippocrates, and *Paracelſus* ſure,
Nor *Galen* neither gave ſo great a cure,
As all of theſe by getting you, do grant
They get, and think, hence, they ſhall hardly want.
Thus men and women, beaſts, birds, all are bent,
Your Excellence convene a Parliament,

And

And ſo proclaim by carrying a Crown,
This Days triumph with Trophies of renown,
To eternize to after times, the ſtory
Of ſuch a welcome, and illuſtrious glory.
But beſt of all, our Paſtors preach and pray
Mornings and Ev'nings, almoſt all the day,
And all the people nigh to the Pulpit preſs,
Where with their pray'rs divinely they addreſs
Themſelves with thanks, and that is ſure the beſt
Beſeeming welcome, ev'n of all the reſt.
The Organs alſo make a ſacred ſound,
Ev'n ſo the *Anthems* ſolemnly redound
Devoutly too, ſo that I think I ſee
And hear the Saints aſſiſt our melodie.
Thus all are willing with a fair pretence,
To bow before your Honours Excellence,
And bid you welcome, you, whoſe virtues won
Englands Great Monarch mounted on the throne,
There, to aſſign the ordering of all
This Iſlads glorious Grandieur, great and ſmall,
You, whoſe great wit could weigh the ſcale, & caſt
A loyal Lot, now thirty ſeaſon paſt.
And now your native Nation no more mov'd
With barbarous broils, behold how it behov'd
To condeſcend, and ſee you ſent away
The Sovereign ſword in *Ireland* for to ſway.

Tranſporting whom, may I not truly tell,
How *Neptunes* pride by piece and piece did ſwell,
To ſee himſelf ſo truſted, to receive
Your Excellence upon his watry wave,
Loth to deliver ſuch a Loyal Lord
To *Irelands* evils being once aboard.
Though for its bliſs he was content to bring
A Lord Lieutenant to ſo great a King.
But ſince I ſee the main deſign is but
To bid you welcome, therefore *I* ſhall ſhut
My thoughts, ev'n ſo with ſaying welcome too,
But would the world ſay welcome, that will do
Nothing indeed (in ſubſtance nor in ſence)
Worthy to welcome your moſt Excellence.
The only welcome therefore I'le allow
Is ſpeech in conſtant pray'rs to welcome you.
Wherefore I offer ſacrifice of praiſe,
My Lord is landed, and ſhall ſhortly raiſe
My praiſe unto a Diapaſons pitch, (twitch,
Tickling mens ears, when they the ſtringe ſhall
The ſound whereof ſure ſhall aſcend on high,
In thankful pray'rs for your Excellency:
But to break off, here muſt my Muſe remain,
Illuſtrious *Heros*, welcome once again,
Millions of mortals ſinging Sonets, ſay
Ceſar triumphs, and we have woon they day.

Ver-

Verbum Sapienti.

THis welcome, ſure, of ſweet things is made up,
But yet ſome knavery may be in the cup.
And though with theſe I make ſo much ado,
Pills gilded may be packt with poyſon too.
Fiſh had far better be without that bait,
A golden hook may choak them with a cheat.
My meaning is, when friendſhip was profeſt,
A jugling *Iudas* did betray the beſt.

NOw ſeven Epiſtles, ſuch as they are, I enter,
Wherewith (in weakneſs) wiſe advice I venter.
Or are they fables, which fill up the paper?
If ſo? the buyer buyes my Book the cheaper,
To light his Pipes, hath paper here, in plenty,
He ſaves enough by *Verbum ſapienti.*
Provided that, as he the pipe purſues,
He alſo *Verbum ſapienti* uſe.

1. *Epiſtle.*

MArk my diſcourſe, but conſtrue right the caſe,
Some Ghoſtly Father flattering in your face
Will, with a kiſs come, ſtriving to deſtroy
Your enterpriſes, if you ſuch imploy?
But you (in prudence) will be pleas'd to ſee
Precepts expreſt from ſuch a tool as me,
Whereby the baſeneſs which be practis'd here,
May partly to your Excellence appear.
Fools may by fortune, let ſuch phraſes fly,
As wiſe men may mark ſomething by the by.
But theſe (diſtracted with diſtreſs) I doe
Humbly here offer to your Lordſhip now.
For if each *Iudas* ſhould enjoy a cord,
In loyalty I love to ſerve my Lord,
And theſe ſend forth before ſome things ſuppreſt
For preſent, I, in time may tell the reſt.

2. *Epiſtle.*

THe thing call'd *Verbum ſapienti*, ſleeps,
Within a place that's private, but it peeps,
For to perceive your Excellence apart,
To ſpeak of *Verbum ſapienti's* art,
And in the hour the hurly burly's over,
That you can try converſion, tricks and trover,
I mean not things my ſelf concerning ſo,
But griev'd to ſee ſuch ſubtil gameſters go
With great deſigns; yet were my Lord at leiſure,
Then I ſhall pay the tythe out of my treaſure,
Preſuming too, ten thouſand tens to twenty,
My Lord ſaith, Thank you *Verbum ſapienti.*

3. *Epiſ*

As fish at flies, things I on sudden snap,
Next time my hook may hit & hurt perhap;
My feathers tore'd to strike, as steel at flint,
And I am pl as'd to prove a fool in print,
To tell the errors of the time, and try,
Wherher the fault lies in a knave, and cry
Whore first, and so in season serve my Lord,
(This Earnest peny shall the summe affoord)
Though no man writes, but some offence may fal
Yet I presume my sin shall seem but small,
Vnmasking meerly things that lurk below,
By laying open, that my Lord may know
He hath one here, so well doth know the case,
That dare dissect the sore before their face,
And e're the *Leeffy* lies by *Letterkenny*,
Shall make them scratch their crowns, I'le pawn a (peny,
Or e're *Dundalk* to *Dublin Castle* comes,
Shall beat alarum lowder than by drums,
But lest they think such things shall never be,
I shall come quickly, take this much of me.
For what are they, think I should such adore?
Or be the subject of their scorn, Wherefore?
Because misfortunes have laid me below,
And they have got what I had long ago,
No, they shall see I something have in store,
And to their much, it may be give them more.

Quæ mihi prætulerit memini, semperque tenebo.

A Ridle resolved.

Wit and Ingenuity,
Honesty and Fair dealing,
Money and Merchandise.

These three may beg their bread in *Ireland.*

WEre *Cato*, *Plato*, or *Pythagoras*
Here with their wits, each one would prove an
Were *Iob* here too, with his integrity,
He might go thred-bare by his honesty.
Bring also *Dives*, which if you could do
Here, they would cheat him of his moneys too

Whence,

Whence, ſince all ſuch are made but fools at fairs
Lothen, poor I, muſt proſper by my pray'rs,
Or at the leaſt from *Dublin* muſt depart,
Where almoſt all live by that ugly art,
feigned deſert.

5. *Epiſtle.*

I Doubt not but your Excellence ſhall ſee,
More learned lines, then you receive from me,
And yet I think, few ſuch ſhall come in ſeaſon,
Though better rithm, ſhall not be better reaſon.
When *Ceſar* ſaw a ſouldier do his duty,
He valued not the bigneſs of the booty,
So I preſume your Excellence will never
Deſpiſe a ſouldiers poems, howſoever
Let theſe take place for preſent, I avow,
E're long I ſhall bring better things to you,
I call them better, though they be but bad,
To tell them now, my Lord might think me mad.
My mind is vexed with a world of woes,
Law-ſuits, and things fomented by my foes.
But I preſume your Excellence will be,
Henceforth a gracious ſafeguard unto me,
For in ſuch peril where ſhould I appear?
But to my Patron, being preſent here,
Or ſhall I reſt, as *Horace* with his rithme,
On my *Mecenas*? this diſtracted time.
Yes, Noble Lord, ſo ſhall it then be ſaid,
The Poet for his propheſie is paid.

6. Epiſtle

6. Epistle.

LIke as a wise Commander sends a Scout,
In day of danger to disclose a doubt.
Ev'n so I send this little Book to be
My messenger: a small thing swims the sea,
And marks the way before the mighty whale,
The greater fish find favour from the small;
But if so be the smaller should be slain,
Or swallow'd up within the mighty Main
By bigger beasts, Leviathan then lies
Expos'd to peril in the depth, and dies.
But as the mean makes way unto the most,
The great takes care lest that the less be lost.
And so I cease with what I said before,
Verbum sapienti, I shall say no more.

7. Epistle.

Let many more then Momus
Receive this Reck'ning from us, &c.

WHen Redbreasts in your Chamber window chats,
The chirping bird bad news prognosticates;
Ev'n so my Redbreast flutters in your floor,
And gives you warning of a winter showre.
This bird too, boasts, great multitudes of men,
To bring bad tydings about sixty ten.
Then let my Redbreast pick upon your table,
Till that time comes, you find it not a Fable.

Twelve

Twelve Similitudes.

The Conſtitutions in a true Catalogue,
Of all, between the Poſtſcript and the Prologue.

1.

Firſt, then, to Court comes early, one by one,
As proud as was *Caligula* alone.

2.

Then you ſhall ſee ſome falling at your foot,
Drunk as *Tiberius*, they dare daily do't.

3.

Nero could ne're ſuch cruelty contrive, thrive,
As here do thouſandes, though they therewith

4.

A vile and vicious *Heliogabalus* here,
Shall every hour before your face appear.

5.

Envious men, exceeding *Alexander*,
In envy, ſure, this can be call'd no ſlander.

6.

Avaricious *Cyrus*, ſlily, Sir, he lies,
Catching at Court your profits to ſurprize.

7.

Ulyſſes likewiſe no man muſt deny,
Could ever act ſuch plots of policy.

8.

Midas men ſay was covetous, but hold,
Here thouſands far more covetous of gold.

9.

The craft of crafty *Hannibal* we ſee,
But here are knaves far craftier than he.

10

But then of all this is my onely fear,
A *Zoperus* diſſembling in your ear.

11.

Adding withall, by joyning ill to ill,
A falſe and flatt'ring *Ariſtippus* ſtill.

12.

Now one of theſe ſhall come, and kiſs, and bow,
But juſt as *Iudas* ſhall betray you too.
Thus I have told you, then your ſelf to ſave,
From Court exclude them, that is all I crave.
But you will ſay, you know them not, what then?
I know them mingl'd among ten thouſand men.
And when I'm urg'd to uſher on my mind,
I think I ſhall leave very few behind.

His Excellence, thus welcom'd first, as fit,
Now, three Eſtates, enſue to ſecond it.

THe Illuſtrious Glory of three crowns, conſiſt
Of three Supreams, and make a Monarch
I may expreſs them (on a fair pretence) (bleſt
As they are Gods, and that is Goſpel-ſenſe.

1. A Lord Lieutenant is a Soveraign thing,
Set in the Throne of Majeſty, as King.
The ſpiritual pow'rs, Peers of divine degree,
Infer perfection, that's the Prelacie.

2. Pious Lord Primate, full of zealous fire,
Learn'd Lord Chancellor may challenge St. *Peters*
Lords-Temporal too, enlarge this loyal link (chair,
Of ſtate to ſtrength, theſe are the Three I think.

3. Onely I add that Rule among the *Romans*,
Things are concluded by conſent of Commons.
So numbring no more than *I* now enroll,
Theſe Three, I ſay, ſet fully forth the whole.
But having thus in general juſtly wrote,
Behold what further falls unto their Lot.
My Lord Lieutenant long before he came,
Anag. *VVas born t' bon'r*, ſaith his Anagram.

And will you weigh things rightly with the reſt,
His Excellence can *Order hon'r* beſt. *Anag.*
Anag. *Am Sions Gameſter*, though the game goes od,
'Gainſt Rymes mas, to play a game for God.
And look ye now but meerly on the name,
Iames Margets-ſon, ſaith certainly the ſame.
Anag. *Cholie Lambe I*, *Holie* cymbal, too.
Of *Michael Boyl*, both Anagrams I do.
Anag. *With Holie* cymbal, *David*, (night, and day)
That *Holy Lambe* did praiſe the Lord and pray.
But if you think theſe Anagrams go high,
The names gives out theſe Anagrams, not I.
Determine rather Grace, and Nature too,
In each of them theſe did divinely do.
Such threefold cord ſecures the crown on *Ceſar*,
What hand can hurt ſuch ſacred things as theſe are?
Diſtinct three parties, parted all aſunder,
In one they make a Monarch, that's no wonder.
Whom God unites, let no man brag to break,
King, church, and State, a perfect Monarch make.

Thus to the purpoſe playing hereupon,
Now one word more, and ſo I ſhall be gone.

Apelles paints *Apollo* pretty nigh,
But finding it imperfect, put it by.

Nor

Nor ever one the venture yet would run,
To finish what *Apelles* had begun.
So I a Welcome write here as I can;
Hoping a *Horace*, or more learned man
Might mend my work, for write who will, he can.
My Lord will be *Mæcenas*, I dare say.
My Lord's alone, for which my pen repeats;
Such Worthies with him, as make three Estates;
And with this welcome, or hereafter, soon,
Or long before the Man that's in the Moon
Gets twelve full faces, I shall fetch afar,
And boldly bring three Nations to the Bar,
And there arraign them; but for present peace,
My Muse resolves, with what is said, to cease.

Let all (but such, as are concerned here)
Read with regard, give no offence for fear;

FINIS.

aith, a thought once past by speech
mine, but hath outrun my reach.
ast, how many mens curst crime,
, before a Twelve moneths time.
resolv'd, in telling truth, not tyre,
h (saith the Psalmist) every one's a lyar.
Doubtless with *Dublin* I have much to do,
And must say much of most men therein too.
But whether that be good or bad, behold
When that time comes, what stories I have told,
The tythe whereof, I at this instant owe,
Commending of some Clergie-men I know.
Our righteous Iudges, I must draw their due,
My long experience proves it to be true.
Both learn'd and loyal. Then the Advocates
That plead with prudence, some like Parots prates.
But this in general, when that day doth dawn,
I'le mark them then, not flatter, ly, nor fawn.
For here are hundreds, who mens wits bewitch,
Intangling Clients by becoming rich.
But rich and righteous render that no lye,
Then comes the Camel through the needles eye,
Yet vvhat I mean, or vvhom my aim is at,
Till that time comes, let none prejudicate.
Onely to this I am resolv'd to stand,
Before this vvitness set my seal and hand.

Witness *VV. M.*

H. C.